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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

TOO GOOD.



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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Christmas Number to be issued next week is to be more than twice the size of the usual number, handsomely printed in colors, with illustrations by our best artists, and a ghostly story by Julian Hawthorne. For sale by all Newsdealers. Price 20 cents.

THE howl of triumph that goes up from papers of the *Sun* stamp over Governor Hill's insult to the Administration, in the appointment of G. H. Sterling to the Port Wardenship, shows the extent of the indorsement Mr. Cleveland has received in the election of Mr. Hill.

It shows several other things also.

First, With what apparent sincerity editors Democratic can profess friendship when in reality they are playing the hypocrite.

Second, That the editor of the *Sun* is no more to be trusted to-day than he was in the Presidential campaign, when he acknowledged that the gratification of his own personal spite was more to him than the welfare of his party or his country.

Third, That Mr. Hill's election to the Governorship was the triumph of the most degraded political element in the land; that Demagogism still has the upper hand in Mr. Hill's political constitution, and that the Governor is hopelessly lost beneath the thumb of that school of Demagogues, Tammany Hall.

Fourth, And last, that Mr. Cleveland might have found a better investment for his \$1,000 contribution to the Democratic Campaign Fund.

Mr. Hill's title should be changed. Misgovernor Hill would more aptly describe the man.

* * *

IT must hurt the feelings of the millionaires who find their day of reckoning fast approaching that their wealth fails utterly to purchase sympathy for them.

No one can regret that Fish and Ward are imprisoned, and that the two other busy W's, Work and Warner, are in the clutches of the law.

The Grand Jury has begun well and should keep it up.
Turn the rascals in.

* * *

THE Sing Sing editor of the *Tribune* seems to have taken Ferdinand Ward under his wing, and is keeping

him before the public in a way that must gratify the arch speculator's vanity.

The latest from the Hudson River branch of the *Tribune* office is that Ward was to have mince pie on Thanksgiving Day.

This is the first specified act of cruelty to the prisoner that has come to light, although there have been startling rumors to the effect that Ward was receiving harsh treatment.

We trust the pie story is not true, and the fact of its assertion by the *Tribune* is at least comforting to those who hope as we do, but we greatly fear that for once that organ has stumbled on a great incontrovertible truth.

The chances are ten to one that Ward has received his deserts.

* * *

EUROPE is gradually getting to be a most desirable place to live in. There is always something diverting in the atmosphere, and an air of mystery about what is going to happen next that adds a pleasurable excitement to the life of a resident.

Those who have slept over the mouth of a crater, which has given notice that it shortly intends having a special eruption, state that there is really nothing to equal the pleasing uncertainty of one's being, when there. They say that the sleep of which one is capable under such conditions is marvelous, because, there being nothing on one's mind—everything is under it—mental activity ceases entirely, and absolute rest is ensured.

This is the way life in Europe to-day must strike the resident. No one knows what an afternoon's walk may bring forth. In France a stroll on the Champs Elysee, under the benign influence of a Republic, in the morning, may bring one back to his house in the most aristocratic portion of an Empire in the afternoon.

The Russian walks abroad to his labors, head erect and eyes turned toward the sky, in momentary expectation of seeing the Czar shoot across the horizon with a dynamite bomb a close second.

Even Prince Bismarck has his little surprises, to guard against which he carries a cast-iron umbrella concealed on his person, and as for Emperor William the cable dispatches always speak of him wherever he may be as "standing erect, with a most soldierly carriage."

The reason of this will be plain to all who will study affairs in Europe a little closer.

The Emperor stands because he cannot comfortably sit down on the bayonets on which his throne is now founded.

* * *

IN the death of Vice-President Hendricks the Democratic party has lost one of its most prominent statesmen, and the country mourns a conscientious and efficient officer.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD.

O H, days of old! oh, Knights of old!
Oh, times of blood and thunder,
When courage could be coined like gold
And gold seemed coined for plunder!
With pistols and a tempered sword,
A horse and silken visor,
A man might live like any lord
And no one be the wiser.

The coach door open wide you fling.
"Your purse, watch, diamond buckles;
Oblige me with that ruby ring
That sparkles on your knuckles."
You knock the post-boy from his ledge,
You pocket all the treasure;
Your good horse leaps the hawthorn hedge,
Then hey, for town and pleasure!

The good knight of the road to-day
On old tradition tramples.
His pistols he has put away,
Or carries them for samples.
Dame Fortune's found in wilds no more;
His ways have changed to suit her.
Black Bess has been discarded for
A "thousand mile commuter."

No more he stops the public coach,
No lady's chair he rifles,
He does not stoop to purse or brooch;
He's far above such trifles.
With sample trunk well loaded down
He sallies forth to plunder,
Attacks his enemy in town
And skins him worse than thunder.

M. M.

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

TWO tramps, one of them a young man, the other well advanced in life, had just left a house where they had been supplied with a bountiful dinner.

"I say, Bill," queried the younger of the two, "where do you s'pose we'll get our supper?"

"The old tramp turned on him in disgust.

"Here you've just had your dinner," he said, "and you begin to wonder where you'll get supper. If that's the kind of disposition you've got, young feller, you had better quit the profession and go to work."

"WAL I VUM! I aintbettin' that I do n't git thar after all. Wonder what Jim'll say if the tail goes in with colors flyin'!"

J. A. Log-n.



She: OH, GEORGE, GEORGE, I HAVE NOT SEEN YOU SINCE DINNER! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

He: ALL RI', WIFEY—SHO SHORRY—WEN' OFF UNEXPECTEDLY—HIC—LIKE A GUN.

She: WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE GOING OFF, DEAR?

He: COULDN'T—HIC—DIDN'T KNOW I WASH LOADED.



SEASONABLE STANZAS.

YE BOY.

THE small boy with the level head
Now joins on speculation
The Sunday School that owns a tree,
And sweet anticipation
Leads him to work with awful zeal
And wear his best apparel
Without a murmur, practicing
The latest Christmas carol.

YE MAN.

Now pater pays mysterious bills
And bets his mortal life
That 'mongst the items there is hid
His present from his wife.

* * *

"VACCINATION bees" are all the rage in Maine.
Just how a vaccination bee differs from the ordinary variety we can't say, but if its virus takes hold as that of the busy bee pure and simple does, it ought to be a howling success.

* * *

TAKING the Bland Dollar for a model, saloon keepers have introduced a new drink called the Bland Smile. It is 80 per cent. whiskey and the rest water.

* * *

PROVERBS FOR POLICE.

A CLUB in time saves nine.
A jail bird in prison's worth two in the hand.
You never miss your schooner till the family entrance is locked.

* * *

THE *Sun* is not the Democratic organ.
Only the crank, and what doleful music it grinds, to be sure.

* * *

THERE is trouble about the Lieutenant-Governor elect's assessment.
It would seem as if Jones, he did n't pay the freight.

* * *

M R. CYRUS W. FIELD has instituted a suit against A. Oakey Hall for writing, and J. G. Bennett for publishing a libel.
It is evident that Cyrus intends to "lay the Cabal."

A N exchange says that London proper covers a very small area.

So we had supposed. About what is the size of London improper.

* * *

S EVEN suicides a day is Berlin's quota.
Sort of Germicide?

* * *

I N Penn there are 30,000 patrons of husbandry.
Utah still holds the record, however.

* * *

T HERE are 600 newspapers in the U. S. that bear the name of *News*. They all go to prove what Shakespeare insinuated : that there is nothing in the name.

* * *

I T is remarkable the damage and profanity which can be caused by the misplacement of a poor little space between words in a newspaper, as witness: The Toronto *Globe*, in the head-line of a very favorable dramatic notice, announces "Rose Coghlan a Sour Joan."

* * *

R IEL has been hanged, and the prospects of the Canadian Government getting to the end of its rope in short order are good.

* * *

K ING THEEBAW'S fleet has been captured by the British, and a crew of one sailor has been designated to row it over into neutral waters.

* * *

C ANON FARRAR made \$4,500 by his lectures in New York.

The Canon will be loaded to the muzzle with gold on his return to England.

* * *

R IEL'S family are said to feel worse cut up over the pictures of their relative in the American daily papers than over the unpleasant death he suffered.

* * *

I N Sweden the Government runs the drinking places and puts in each a free library.

The Swedish Government sees that everything that goes to the making of a full man, from liquor to reading, is furnished.

* * *

T HE *Sun* is joyous because a rural exchange says it has the true Democratic Ring.

This is a questionable compliment.

There have been a great variety of Democratic Rings in our political history and it would be interesting to know by the collar of which the *Sun* is marked.



ANCESTRAL.

Count Dollcenti: OH, YES, MRS. DOUBLEDOLLAR, I THINK I MAY SAY I COME OF A MUSICAL FAMILY, MY FATHER USED TO GIVE ORGAN MATINEES IN NEW YORK TWENTY YEARS AGO.

INDIAN SUMMER.

QUATRAIN.

NOW is the waning twilight of the year;
O'er drowsy fields in sombre russet drest
The golden-rod is blazing like a torch
That lights the weary summer to her rest.

E. G. S.

SIC ITUR AD ASTOR.*

(* Free rendering : This is how we go for Mr. Astor.)

CAN nothing be done to protect poor and industrious literary persons from the competition of cheap millionaire labor? Mr. William Waldorf Astor has written a romance. It has been produced under conditions that no ordinary novel-writer can hope to rival. Mr. Astor wrote it in his triple capacity as Mr. Astor, as American Minister to Rome, and as a student of Italian history. It undertakes to set the well-known Borgia family in a just light before the American people. Mr. Astor has been at special pains to get exclusive information about the Borgias, and is determined that justice shall be done them, if there is any to be had for love or money.

To rehabilitate the reputation of the Borgias is a very large contract, but it is so much the fashion to reverse history that perhaps the undertaking is not too great for Mr. Astor's ability. We have been lately taught that Joan of Arc lived to die of old age, that Henry VIII. was henpecked, that Bloody Mary was a sentimental invalid, that Pocahontas did not marry John Smith, and that G. W. did not know a hatchet from a crowbar. If Mr. Astor says the Borgias were jobbers of gum and not of cold poison, we do not propose to contradict him. His Italian friends had a fair trial, and, if we remember rightly, were hanged in due form. It is impossible that any benefit can arise, at this late day, from quarreling over the evidence. The Walkup trial is fresher and quite as interesting.

It is our duty, however, to protest against the appearance of this new laborer in the field of letters. If his novel was bad, it would take care of itself without need of disparagement, but that is said not to be the case. Lord Bacon said it was enough for a beautiful woman to be beautiful. Surely it ought to suffice for Mr. Astor to be Mr. Astor. Does he want the real earth, and an imaginary one besides? Where is Mr. Roswell P. Flower, and what has he got in press?

THE NEW PARK.

NIAGARA having been purchased by New York, for a national park, the work of transforming it is now rapidly progressing; and, before long, the new pleasure ground can feel just as stylish as its rivals, Central, Fairmount and Prospect.

A number of painters are now preparing, for Niagara Park, the regulation nurse-girl-and-small-boy signs; and these will soon be placed in the proper positions. At one spot, the eye of the visitor will see :

DO NOT TREAD
ON
THE FALLS.

At another :

DO NOT
PLUCK
THE ISLANDS.

And along the shores of the Rapids will be found :

NO THOROUGHFARE!
DO NOT CROSS HERE!

The presence of these signs will insure the customary protection to those prone-to-be-invaded points; and cause a home-like feeling to steal over the visitor. On Goat Island a ten-acre carousal will be erected; and, thanks to its orchestra, nervous visitors will not again be troubled by the deafening roar of the Falls. At the Whirlpool, forty graceful swans will idly ply about the waters, eating baker's bread crumbs, as they lazily follow the park boats (manned by ex-hackmen).

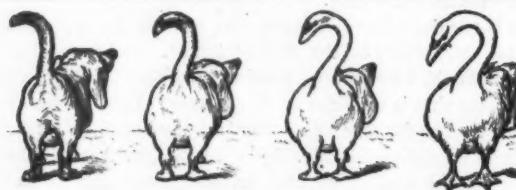
Visitors, pressed for time, can see the entire park very quickly by taking the steam launch over the Falls and thence down the Rapids. Boating parties are forbidden touching the various rocks along the waterway. Goat carriages will be found behind the Falls.

Everything rugged and unshapely will either be removed or smoothed, so as to insure to this park the customary hot-house-and-greenery appearance.

The Falls will be turned off Mondays and Wednesdays, from 1 to 3 P. M., in order to make the water muddy.

Out of deference to the trustees of our museums the Falls will not run Sundays.

Wallace Peck.



SOMETHING A LA DARWIN.
Fliegende Blätter.

HER VIOLIN.

HER violin, her violin,
Pressed gently by her rosy chin,—
Across whose strings her slender bow
In graceful balance, to and fro,
Can from its heart such music win,—

What mystery is hidden in
This wooden box so light and thin?
What knowledge of the heart below
Her violin?

With joy it makes my senses spin;
My heart has strings and strings *ad fin.*
She yields the bow, and makes them go
Vibrating with my love; and so
Haste Cupid, tell her I have been
Her violin!

F. D. Sherman.



THE DOLEFUL SONGS OF TWO WOMEN.

IF one may judge from the poetry of women, the chief lesson of their lives is resignation. However self-willed they may be in the practical affairs of daily life, when they tune their harps they sing of meek submission to Fate—whether it is a man or something higher.

There is something gravely amusing in this solemn acceptance of the inevitable. It is as though a condemned man should write an ode assenting to his execution. Perhaps it is only another phase of woman's "last word."

* * * *

AND when a woman has measurably reconciled herself to the inevitable things of Life, she invariably begins to worry about Death, and in the end makes a most melancholy truce with him, yielding fully to his supremacy but with such sighs as should melt the eyes of the stony Monster.

This is the special trouble of Mrs. Piatt, to which she has given full play in "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles and Other Poems" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) There is hardly a poem in this volume which does not end in the grave. Her husband is himself a singer of sweet, sad songs, and yet it must chill even a melancholy poet to have his wife reminding him dolefully—

" Well, either you or I,
After whatever is to say is said,
Must see the other die
Or hear, through distance, of the other dead,
Sometime.

There are eight more stanzas calculated to make Mr. Piatt very comfortable, either as widower or corpse.

In addition, there is a fine assortment of jovial little pieces bearing such cheerful titles as "The Clothes of a Ghost,"

"Comfort, by a Coffin," "My Ghost," "Calling the Dead," "Counting the Graves," and "A Dead Man's Friends."

After careful consideration, we are convinced that Mrs. Piatt's poems are about the only things that could enliven the pages of our colored contemporary, *Puck*.

* * *

IN Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr's "Afternoon Songs" (Scribner's) there is a great deal of this feminine "philosophy of resignation;" but there is deeper feeling, loftier fancy, and truer poetry. Some of her sonnets are stately in thought and movement, with the completeness of finish which that form of poetry demands. These are fine lines from one of them:

"Come, blessed Darkness, come, and bring thy balm
For eyes grown weary of the garish Day!
Come with thy soft, slow steps, thy garments gray,
Thy veiling shadows, bearing in thy palm
The poppy-seeds of slumber, deep and calm."

* * *

LET it be frankly added that both these women singers have tenderly touched the better emotions of life. They have written not one degrading rhyme.

Our protest is against their "luxury of grief," which makes the only balm for sorrow patient endurance rather than steadfast action. And yet it was a wise poet who wrote:

"Men must work and women must weep."

Droch.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

DORA'S DEVICE. By G. A. Cather. Philadelphia: T. B. Peter-
son Bros.

Crisis Cross. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Put-
nam's Sons.

Bryant and His Friends. By James Grant Wilson. New York:
Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Suzette. A novel. By Mary Speir Tiernan. New York: Henry
Holt & Co.

Tuscan Cities. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell
and others. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Worth the Wooing. By Lady Gladys Hamilton. Philadelphia:
T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The Story of the Nations: Rome. By Arthur Gilman, M. A. New
York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Heads and Faces; How to Study Them. By Nelson Sizer and H.
S. Drayton. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

Dress: As it Has Been, Is and Will Be. By Isaac Walker. New
York: Isaac Walker.

The martyrdom of master Latimer



A. D. 1555.

The martyrdom of master Ingersoll.



A. D. 1885.

HERETICS.
ANCIENT AND MODERN.

• LIFE •

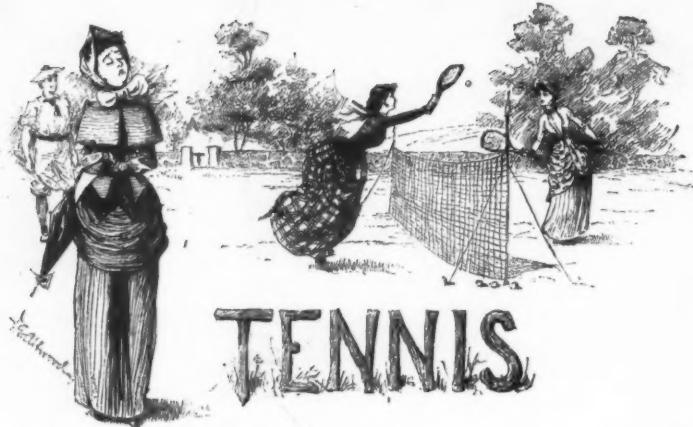


THE "PEACE OF EU"

IF E ·



E OF EUROPE."



I DO not like the game *at all*,
And fail to see the fun
Of rushing madly round and round
For hours upon a tennis ground
Beneath a July sun.

I played it once, because I heard
'T was such a "perfect" game;
What happened I can scarcely say—
I only know that since that day
I've never felt the same.

The first ball hit me *very hard*
Before I'd time to move,—
And no one seemed to care at all
Except because I'd stopped the ball
And made "fifteen to love"!

And then they laughed across the net
And served a "gentle ball,"
At which I struck with all my might
And sent it flying out of sight
Behind a neighboring wall.

My partner was a Harvard lad
With whom I'd had some fun,
But as the games went on, he eyed
The girl upon the other side
As if she'd been *the one*.

And so we played for what seemed hours
Across that dazzling net,
Until at last I overheard
My partner breathe a wicked word,
Because we'd "lost the set!"

Of course, for those who brave the sun
Prepared to pay the price;
And rush about with tumbled hair,
And *like* to hear men curse and swear—
It may be very nice.

H. W. F.



SCENE: Lobby of the Metropolitan Opera House.
Time: Yesterday afternoon. Herr Seidl discovered reading some slips, from which the head-lines have been dexterously removed; Director Damrosch, leaning over Herr Seidl's chair, regards him with a Teutonic and oleaginous smile.

Seidl: Damrosch, old knabe, I am delighted with this chaste, but sensational, literature with which you have provided me. I have not yet finished reading it, but it is not untimely to say that I am charmed. What it is I cannot guess. There is all the morbid beauty of a police gazette; the dainty raciness of a family story paper mingled with the airy triviality of a penny dreadful. It is attractive—most attractive.

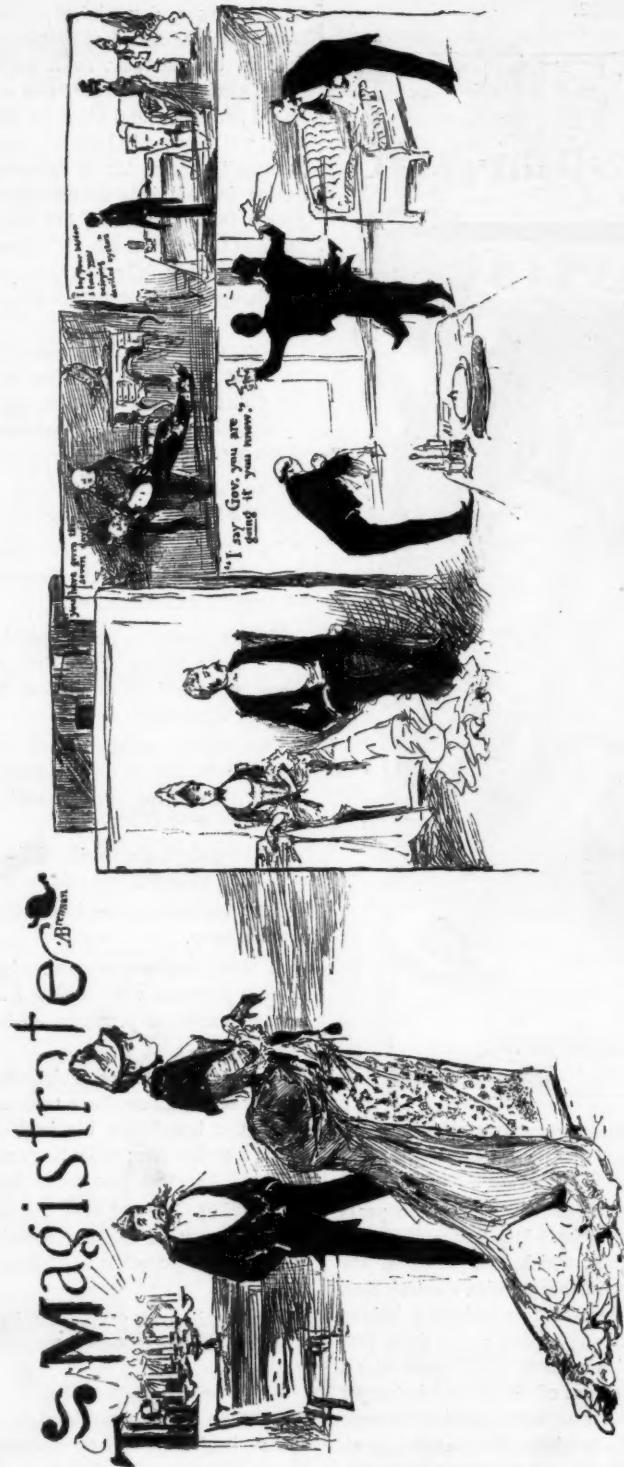
Damrosch: You will never guess what it is, my beloved conductor.

Seidl: I don't believe I ever shall, though I am acquainted with the literature of all countries. (*Reading.*) "Outside the house was one crush of carriages, within it was a crush of

magnificent toilets." Now, I should say that this forcible passage related to the residence of some European magnate, such as the Duke of Westminster, or perhaps Lady Brassey, where a reception is being held, I presume. (*Reading.*) "The innumerable gas jets revealed in no unbecoming colors a living reality of fair women." That is the airy triviality of the penny dreadful which tries to be Byronic and Ouidaeque and fails wofully. Still our finest authors are not perfect. There are flaws in every one except the successful candidate of a political party. (*Reading.*) "Many a Katisha availed herself of the occasion to display a wealth of charms whose very existence heretofore has only been imagined."

Damrosch: He! He!

Seidl: That passage is positively indecent. Your Anthony Comstock ought to suppress such statements. Ladies do wear very *décolleté* dresses at present; but the fact should never be alluded to in such unblushing terms as those I have just read. (*Continuing.*) "The most bewitching *bacarré* costumes were everywhere visible." I have vainly endeavored to ascertain what *bacarré* means. I lived for four years in Paris, and never heard the expression. If it is written for French, it is n't French, I'm quite sure. The author probably meant *bizarre*. (*Reading.*) "The bustle, excitement, merry laughter, and chatter told how pleasant was the realization." That is sweetly pretty, but not original, is it? "Merry laughter" has become slightly hackneyed in the process of the suns; "the bustle" has entered too far into the vocabulary of the female wardrobe to act satisfactorily in



descriptive work. But let me go on. "Many eyes rested upon the half hidden forms in one of the vagnoir boxes." Ah! I have it. This is a *bal masque*, and there is to be some spicy intrigue brought out. I see it now. One of the half hidden forms, I suppose, will jump up suddenly, and, throwing aside its disguise, exclaim: "I will avenge him! He was mine. Ha! Ha! Traitor! Beware of a thwarted woman!" or words to that effect.

Damrosch: You'll never guess. You are not anywhere near the truth.

Seidl: I'm awful at riddles, anyway. (*Reading*) "Many thought of a vanished face." Ah, there is the pathos. That is the face the half-hidden form will avenge, I have no doubt. It probably belonged to some young lover, basely murdered, by a sordid rival. Here is some philosophy, "After all the present is a very good age to live in." I detect in that passage the exuberance of the writer who has probably received a cheque for a former story and did n't expect one. (*Continues reading. Suddenly a deathly pallor overspreads his face. He gasps.*) What is this? Oh it cannot be!

Damrosch: What is the matter?

Seidl (*reading*): "The chorus was mechanical. The performance was praiseworthy." What is this awful deception that has been practiced upon me? I thought I was reading a novel. I awaited the plot. I longed for it. Oh! woe the day! All this verbosity is merely—

Damrosch: The *Herald's* able criticism of *Lohengrin*.
(*Tableau*.)

THE production of "Hoodman Blind" at Wallack's Theatre on Monday night, with Messrs. John Gilbert, Kyre Bellew, Harry Edwards and Miss Annie Robe in the cast, will be discussed in the due-est of courses possible.

Alan Dale.

* * *

NOTES.

ONE OF OUR GIRLS is pursuing the evil tenor of its way at the Lyceum Theatre and the management report most gratifying success as evinced by the constantly increasing audiences to be seen there nightly.

AT Daly's the Magistrate shows no sign of diminished popularity, and the clientele of laughter lovers who always get what they come for at this popular theatre, have pronounced Mr. Pinero's charming comedy a distinct success.

BOUNDED OUT TO SERVICE—Going to church.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



A GIFTED Ass having studied painting and sculpture in Europe for ten years came home and began business as a professional artist. His first work was a clay figure of a blind beggar holding out his hat for alms, which was placed on the sidewalk in front of the Ass's house, and looked so much like a genuine Central Park tramp that it soon collected enough money from the passers-by to purchase a bale of hay. For this exploit the artist was arraigned for obtaining money under false pretences and fined ten dollars. But the undismayed genius went to work again with a lofty hope and a corsair gloom, and painted a life-like picture of a lump of Limburger cheese. The painting was hung on the yard-fence and was such a perfect likeness that people would hold their noses as they passed by, and a newly-landed German immigrant who saw it began to sing "The Watch on the Rhine" with riotous enthusiasm.

On the next day the Ass was warned by the Board of Health to take in the painting, as it might breed cholera. The artist was reduced to despair, and cried out bitterly, "O tempora! O Moses! what chance is there for a careering genius in this ignoble age when people think of nothing but baseball and the stock market?" Then he went sorrowfully to the woods and hanged himself with a grapevine.

MORAL: This Fable suggests the hard lot of low-born genius, and the difficulties that must be overcome by the philosopher in advance of his age.

BITS OF NEWS.

CURIOSOUS investigators have discovered that the Siamese twins were well connected.

THERE seems to be no foundation for the rumor that Miss Anthony was used as an Algonquin idol in Colonial times.

TENNYSON's next volume will contain a ballad in the Bostonese *patois*, with an accompanying glossary.

IN these days the words of dead men seem to be terrible things.

THE Parnellites are boycotting English soap.

A WELL-KNOWN magazine has made a contract with Sitting Bull for the exclusive products of his pen.

THE rapid rate at which Mr. Gladstone is cutting down trees induces the belief that his bark is worse than his bite; while there are not lacking persons who accuse him of having an axe to grind.

A COLONY of Asiatic hermits have decided to settle in Philadelphia.

THE author of "The Bantling Bawl" is writing a revival hymn.

M.

AFTER a rough ocean voyage an epicure is glad enough to exchange his sea legs for terra-pins.



A LITTLE boy refusing to take a pill, his mother placed it in a piece of preserved pear and gave it to him. In a few minutes she said :

"Vernie, have you eaten the pear?"
"Yes, mother, all but the seeds."—Ex.

SOME of the railways down this way are still a little shaky. The old Jerkwarter line is especially loose in the joints. A commercial traveller who came in yesterday relates a little experience while bounding over the road. "We were whooping along," he said, "at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the old train was weaving terribly. Passengers were rolling from one end of the car to the other. I held on like grim death to the arms of my seat. Presently we settled down to the quiet running—at least I could keep my hat on and my teeth did n't chatter. The conductor was in hailing distance. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to look cheerful, and said :

"We are going a little smoother, I see."
"Yes," said the conductor, "we're off the track now."—Lexington (Ga.) Castanet.

The Christmas Number of LIFE

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YOUNG HOUSEWIFE (consulting with cook about the dinner for a party): "As a second course we will have eel."
Cook: "How much ought I to get, ma'am?"
Young wife: "I fancy ten yards will be about sufficient."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

THERE was an old woman named Guelph,
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